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## DUSK IN CHINATOWN

Like some dim dragon, scaled with grayish brown.  
The dusk descends on listless Chinatown,  
Devouring all the ugliness in sight  
And leaving only darkness traced with light.  
It is the supper time, and in his little shop  
There sits the wise old merchant, Wing Lee Hop.  
Among his coolie men to share their meal  
Of dry boiled rice and bean sprouts stewed with veal.  
Now round the shop the gray-eyed shadows play  
With lovely things that came from far away:  
Bright boxes holding litchi nuts and tea;  
Dark silks alight with rich embroidery;  
Delightful ivory carving, deftly made,  
And jewelry fashioned from the earth born jade.  
The shadows pass across the faces, too,  
Of those who dine, Ta Sing and Wo Ti Loo,  
And gaunt Kee Lung, dull men who can not think  
Beyond the present with its food and drink;  
But on the face of Wing Lee Hop, it seems,  
The shadows meet with kindly thoughts and dreams,  
For every night at shadow-time I know  
He thinks of China and the long ago  
Or dreams of some long hoped for future day.  
When once again his fate will let him pray  
Before the Buddha in his garden there,  
Among the flowers, iris kissed and fair.  
He does not see the men who, lacking soul,  
Dip eager chopsticks in the common bowl.  
Nor do they heed life-haunting dreams that bless  
This man who stands for money and success.  
Like some dim dragon, scaled with grayish brown.  
The dusk descends on listless Chinatown,  
And men are glad in the exotic shop—  
Those stolid coolie men and Wing Lee Hop!

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

## TAVISH'S LUCIVEE.

By Charles Boardman Hawes.

Up at the Johnson farm, perched in the forest on the shoulder of Randall's Ridge, a sheep had been killed. Its body, torn, bloody and partly devoured, was found in an angle of the old rail fence.  
Old Eli Johnson looked at it and said tersely, "Bear's work."  
"Cat," said Grandsire Tavish knowingly.  
Tavish, the father, shrugged his shoulders. "Tain't often they're as bold as that," he said.  
But Grandsire Tavish, studying the crudely butchered carcass, shook his head. "Tain't no bear; it's a cat," he declared.  
That night Grandsire Tavish heard far down the hillside in the lower barn the hoarse bellowing of cattle. Thrusting his white head from the window and staring across the moonlit hillside, he saw only the bare, brown grass, the black shadow of the spruces and the bald edge of the ridge far above him. But at breakfast the next morning Andy Tavish, his grandson, reported that a calf had been mauled and scratched and left half dead.  
For a week no harm was done; then, at the edge of dusk, a great gray beast leaped from the limb of an old oak and seized a child who was coming up from the river. The child screamed, and the dog that was running ahead of him came yapping and growling to the rescue. A teamster, hearing the clamor, came running with a club, found the child frightened but little hurt—save from more than a few scratches by the thickness of his coat—and caught a glimpse through the trees of a fleeting something pursued at a discreet distance by the yelping dog.  
That night a henhouse north of the village was raided; four days later a pig was carried from a pen on the farther side of the ridge; late Saturday evening a man was dogged by an animal that sneaked after him through the underbrush.  
Of course the man told the story in the village, and soon the word went up and down the river and over the ridge, "Lucivee!"  
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heavy club, and shaped the smaller end to fit his hand. Again the huge footprints stared up at him from the new-fallen snow.  
He whistled softly. "The critter must have kept traveling pretty steady to make all those tracks," he thought.  
When he came out of the spruce into the clearing by Ferguson's deserted cabin, he stopped suddenly. His eyes had seen something moving—a dark-gray animal that slipped like a cat along a log by the cabin. It came to the end of the log and, leaping lightly to the threshold of the tumble-down shack, disappeared.  
Tavish caught his breath. His eighteen years of life at the edge of the forests that run from Piscataquis County to the St. Lawrence River had bred in him a reckless daring that age and experience had not yet tempered with prudence. He was frightened, and yet thrilled, by the sight of the creature that had alarmed a whole township; he knew that the gray fur of the lucivee would be a trophy unmatched in all the country round. The last trace of caution gave place to the foolhardy determination to meet and kill the creature single-handed.  
In his belt he carried his hatchet—a two-pound axe head set on an eighteen-inch handle large enough to be held firmly. Pulling the axe to the front of his belt so that he could lay his hand on it instantly in an emergency, and testing the balance of his club by swinging it back and forth, he ran toward the cabin.  
Nothing stirred, but on the log were many tracks like those that he had seen before. He studied the fresh snow round the cabin, and hesitated. On every side it was covered with big padding footprints that ran off in all directions.  
He slowly approached the open door of the cabin. It was a rash, foolish deed that he was planning, and he realized it, but the thought of that gray fur and the glory of taking it alone and unaided decided him. Gripping his club, he stepped across the threshold. For a moment he heard nothing, and his eyes, unaccustomed to the dim light, could distinguish only the outline of the staves on the bunks. Then, with a spitting snarl, a low, thick-set animal darted across the floor. Suddenly fearful lest the creature escape, Andy, without stopping to consider consequences, slammed the door shut.  
Across the cabin, in the mouth of the great fireplace, crouched the lynx, with its tufted ears laid back, its teeth bared, its eyes widely opened. Andy slipped the hatchet from the sheath and, raising the club, stepped forward.  
The lynx sank back on its haunches and snarled.  
Before the snarl had died away it was repeated on the right, on the left, to the rear. The boy spun on his heel. Like a flash of light a little shape darted from under the bunks at the end of the cabin, and with arched back and outstretched claws spat at the intruder. Another creature, with tufted ears flat against its head, was sneaking along the wall in front of the door. A rumbling growl drew the boy's attention to a shelf on the wall at his right from which blazed a pair of yellow eyes.  
Of those four beasts, one was between Andy and the door, and for the moment his retreat was cut off.  
Whirling the club about his head, Andy hurled it with all his strength at the foremost of the beasts on the floor; he hit the animal fairly in the left eye. Then he sprang to the wall and, with his back against it and only the hatchet in his hand, faced his assailants—two full-grown Canada lynxes and two cubs that could not have been ten pounds lighter than their parents.  
As the animals shifted their positions, a way to the door was momentarily opened. Swinging the hatchet, Andy charged forward and, when the big cats danced out of his way in sudden caution, darted to the door and, seizing the rude wooden knob, tugged at it with all his strength. But the door would not open.  
At his third attempt he jerked the handle so fiercely that it came off, and, losing his balance, he fell back

into the room. As he rolled over, something flew through the air and landed on his back. Claws dug deep into his shoulders and tore the flesh. He whirled round with a yell, ripped off his coat and with it his assailant, grabbed at a spot of white fur that was the throat of the beast, and struck above it with his hatchet. Twice the blade cut into the square head, and the animal lay limp and still. The boy sprang up just as another beast darted forward; but the creature stopped short as Andy leaped to his feet.  
For the moment the boy was safe but his arms were torn and blood was dripping from his fingers. Thier were three to face him now. He swung his hatchet above his head and darted wildly at the largest of them; but suddenly his foot caught on some obstruction and he fell to his hands and knees.  
He glanced at the obstruction that had tripped him. It was the iron ring of a trapdoor. Here was a possibility of escape; he seized the ring and pulled with one hand.  
The trapdoor resisted his effort, however; he could not budge it. The largest lynx of all, with one eye half closed by the club that Andy had thrown, crouched, twitching its stub of a tail from side to side. Again the boy jerked on the ring. Glancing up, he saw that the big lynx had crawled nearer; of the others, one was slinking round behind him; third startled him by growling not four feet away on his right. Whether they would actually have attacked him without more provocation is a question that Andy never could answer. He dropped his hatchet, seized the ring with both hands, pulled his feet under him, and lifted with all the strength of his back and legs.  
The trapdoor opened with a crash and before Tavish's eyes appeared a steep flight of steps.  
Frightened by the boy's quick motions, the nearest lynx drew itself together, snarling; but Andy, startled by its outcry, grabbed the hatchet and, striking at it, nearly severed one paw. Before he could recover himself it sprang at him, yowling with pain, and was followed by the others.  
With one hand Andy swung the hatchet at the largest lynx, hitting it square on the head, with the other hand he caught the second beast by the loose skin on its back and hurled it away from him in wild panic, sending it, more by luck than by intent, down the open trap. But the third ran up his back, and its teeth tore through his skirt and under clothes. Gasping with pain, he threw himself recklessly backward so that all his weight fell squarely on his one remaining assailant and banged it against the floor. Rolling off the dazed brute, Andy seized it by the scruff of the neck, and before it could recover knocked it on the head.  
He had now put three of his assailants out of the fight. But slinking up the stairs came the lynx that he had hurled down the trap. Brushing blood from his eyes, Andy seized the trapdoor in both hands, and as the beast came up the stairs with its teeth bared, he flung the door into place and fell on it dizzily.  
As he lay with his ear against the trapdoor, he could hear the soft *pad! pad!* of great feet; then came a little rasping sound and a tentative sniffing as the beast cautiously tried the strength of the trapdoor. Listening breathlessly, with the hatchet gripped in both hands, Andy heard the *pad! pad!* go down the stairs and die away in the dark cellar. Little by little he recovered his breath and regained a part of his strength; but he heard no more of the lynx in the cellar, and the three dead animals lay stiffly on the stained floor of the cabin.  
After a time he got up, ripped the lining out of his coat to tie up the worst of his many wounds, cut away the sash of one of the windows with his hatchet, crawled out and went very slowly and stiffly up over the ridge.  
"I guess," he said to himself, "I won't set rabbit snares to-day, after all."  
An hour later Grandsire Tavish, hearing the kitchen door open, looked up from his corner by the stove. The sight that met the old man's eyes brought him out of his chair and into the middle of the

floor with a celerity that he had not equalled for a dozen years.  
"Andy Tavish?" he yelled.  
"Are ye dead?"  
"No, but the lucivee is," Andy replied, falling limply into the great armchair; for the first time in his life, he came near fainting.  
That noon Tavish, the father, heard the story and took his gun from the nails in the kitchen.  
"Father!" called Andy, anxiously hurrying from his room. "Where are you going?"  
"To finish the one that's in the cellar."  
"Don't, father; he is mine. I want him."  
"What?" Tavish gasped out, astonished.  
"Yes, he's mine. I'll trap him alive tomorrow when I go after the hides."  
Tavish stroked his chin and, trying hard to conceal his pride in the boy, went into the bedroom. "As you like," he said. "But I scarcely think you'll be out of bed to-morrow."  
Tavish was wrong. The next day Andy went up to the old cabin and took the three skins; but the live lynx had crawled out through the narrow opening between the floor of the cabin and the ground.  
The skins brought Andy ten dollars, but, as Mr. Tavish said, it was a foolish way to earn a little money.—*Youth's Companion.*

## ELEPHANTINE HUMOR

In order to see the elephant at his best, says Mr. S. A. Derieux in the *American Magazine* you must go to India. There he is used as a beast of burden, and his intelligence comes out strikingly. He is said to be the only animal that will work unattended. But for all he is not fond of labor, for he will keep an eye on the boss, and when the whistle blows he will drop whatever he is doing and run for the feeding place—a trait that he is said to share with some human creatures. We do not believe that animals, intelligent as they often are, have quite the sense of humor that human beings have; yet here is an authenticated story of one small elephant's prank that clearly points to a sort of mischievous humor.  
A mother elephant was dragging from one spot to another in a shipyard an extraordinarily heavy timber that she had been unable to pink up. Two chains were fastened to her collar, each joined to a huge hook, which was fastened into the end of the log. As she toiled along with her burden her half grown baby elephant walked beside her.  
She came at last to an incline where she had to exert her entire strength to drag the log up; and while she was learning forward the baby elephant suddenly dropped back, caught the hook with his trunk and yanked it out of the log. The result was that the old elephant was thrown forward on her head, with her feet in the air. The little elephant made straightway for the woods near by, as hard as he could gallop.  
The mother got herself together quickly, looked all round and started after the youngster, with her trunk upraised. She caught up with him in the woods; and the men working round the shipyard heard his squeals as her trunk descended on him again and again. Finally two of them reappeared; the little elephant was reappearing at his mother's heels and holding to her tail.  
Others of the ilk.  
With what seems sometimes to be a perverse disregard for the fitness of things, comical incidents have a way of happening with inapposite frequency at those most pathetic of institutions, asylums for the insane. It is *Til-Bits* that vouches for the following:  
Lord Halsbury, the former Lord Chancellor of England, during his term of office, had occasion to visit, in his official capacity, a certain lunatic asylum.  
"I'm the Lord Chancellor," he announced to the attendant at the door.  
The man looked at him curiously for a moment.  
"This way, sir," he said very firmly; "we 'ave three more of 'em in 'ere!"

A GRUESOME REMINDER OF THE PAST  
An English novelist once wrote a story of a man who fell into a hollow tree and perished miserably. Now a correspondent writes us of a similar incident, not fiction this time, but truth. A Mr. Gleek, of Ottawa township in Minnesota, in clearing a piece of land on his farm found it necessary to fell a gigantic white oak tree. In falling it broke and proved to be hollow for perhaps fifteen feet. Beginning several feet above the ground, the cavity ended in a large opening not readily noticed among the branches on the lower side of the tree, which leaned considerably. Within the hollow, the horrified choppers found the body of a man, not at all decayed, but dried and shriveled by the lapse of time into something very like the best preserved Egyptian mummies.  
The frightened laborers summoned Mr. Gleek, who at once recognized the body as that of Jean La Rue, a farm laborer who had mysteriously disappeared on August 30th, 1862.  
That day, which fell during the Sioux uprising, a boatload of soldiers on their way up the Minnesota River from St. Paul to New Ulm, thoughtlessly discharged their muskets many times as they steamed up the river above Henderson, carried terror to the hearts of the people along the river, who were already about to flee from the dreaded Indians.  
Mr. Gleek says that when Jean La Rue heard the firing he seemed to go crazy with fear. He rushed into the house, seized his rifle and some other belongings, including about \$700 in money, and fled into the woods. Apparently he had gone straight to the hollow tree and in seeking to hide in it and, being unable to extricate himself, had perished. Preserved in the living oak, his body did not decay.  
His rifle, his bullet pouch and powderhorn were there in the tree with him and in his pocket was \$783.50. In another pocket was the diary that Mr. Gleek says La Rue always kept; and in it, undated, but on the page following the one dated Friday, August 29th, 1862, was written in trembling letters the following:  
"Cannot get out; surely must die. If ever found, send me and all my money to my mother, Madame Suzanne La Rue, near Tarsadon, in the province of Bouches du Rhone, France."  
CONSUMPTION IN THE ELDERLY  
The general impression prevails that tuberculosis is a disease of early life and that those past forty years of age are virtually immune from its ravages. That is an error. The disease does occur, it is true, more commonly in the young than in those past middle life, but consumption in men and women from fifty to seventy years of age is by no means rare.  
The explanation of this is far to seek; very few persons pass through life without a trace of tuberculosis. Almost everyone has a touch of it at some time, and, though in the majority of us, fortunately, the attacked portion of the lung heals, and nothing more is heard from it, sometimes the cure is not complete, and there remains a spot of latent tuberculosis ready to be lighted up whenever the bearer of it becomes run down or suffers an attack of pneumonia or receives a hard blow on the chest.  
One reason why consumption is believed to be rare in the elderly is that its symptoms at that time of life are far less pronounced than at an earlier age, and many, even in an advanced stage of tuberculosis, are regarded simply as invalids without any well defined disease. In some cases the affection simulates in its symptoms disease of the stomach or other abdominal organs. If that is so, there may be pain in the abdomen after taking food, tenderness and pressure, and frequent vomiting, but no complaint of anything that indicates chest troubles. In phthisis of later life hemorrhage from the lungs is encountered chiefly toward the end of the disease, and elderly people who have never been suspected of being tuberculous sometimes die suddenly from this cause.

The duration of the disease in elderly persons is very difficult to determine, because of the insidious nature of the onset. It is, however, essentially chronic. Owing to the absence in many cases of the characteristic symptoms of pulmonary tuberculosis, one should always think of the possibility of it in an elderly patient when feebleness and loss of appetite are noticed, especially if there is a slight cough and loss of weight.  
The treatment of consumption in advanced life consists largely of rest, good food, and an abundance of fat in the shape of olive oil or cream, or cod-liver oil, if it is tolerated. Young consumptives sometimes are benefited by a life of roughing it, but old ones are not; they should rather be given a month or two of absolute rest in bed, with massage to maintain the muscular tone, and after that moderate outdoor exercise, but absolutely nothing that is strenuous.  
TENDER AND TRUE  
Some years ago there was often seen in the streets of Boston a feeble-minded woman known as Crazy Jane. Evidently she was very poor. Where or how she lived no one seemed to know.  
One morning one of the most widely known lawyers of the city was walking to his office when he saw a crowd gathering on the opposite side-walk. Crossing the street, he discovered Jane, surrounded by some jeering youths, who evidently were teasing her and enjoying her wrath. The poor thing stood there, her old bonnet pushed back, her gray locks straggling over her forehead, her eyes blazing as she poured a torrent of invective, mingled with curses, upon her tormentors.  
The lawyer stepped to a fruit stand, purchased an orange and, pushing his way through the crowd, held the fruit out to the wild creature, saying slowly and gently, "Will you accept this orange, madam?" His manner, in its simple courtesy, was exactly that with which he would have addressed the first lady of the land.  
The insane look died out of Crazy Jane's face. "Do you—do you give this to me?" she asked.  
"If you will accept it, madam," she stretched out her hand slowly and took the orange. Then she said suddenly, "You must let me give you something, sir."  
With trembling fingers she detached from a faded bunch of flowers that she had probably picked from some ash barrel a white pink and offered it to him. A silence fell on the group, and when the lawyer had bowed his thanks, placed the wilted flower in his buttonhole and turned away the old woman found herself unmolested and alone. An hour later he was in the Superior Court, fighting an important case before a jury. The pink was still in his buttonhole.—*Youth's Companion.*  
Disloyal Employees.  
The whining, complaining, sorehead employee thinks he can't get anywhere without kicking. He makes his own life miserable, and that of everyone he works with, and keeps himself from getting to the front in his department. He imagines he is always "getting the worst of it," and usually it is in his own mind only. He woners why other employees are picked for positions that have better possibilities, and is unable to see it is because of his own whine-puppy disposition.  
The man who gets the good jobs is the man who is loyal to his own job—takes the bitter with the sweet, knowing there is more or less grief with every job everywhere.  
When you see a man forging ahead you think him "lucky," while, were the truth known, that man gets more bumps to the square inch than the kicker ever dreamed of. But he is able to pass up the "bumps"—smooth them down, forget them. That is where he shows capability—that's why he gets to the front.  
The "today" man in any line of work gets nowhere because real jobs are not found or made or merited in a day. The "today" man may "get by," but that is the end of him; that's logical and for

the man who does not do his part and more—in any job he under takes—and without complaint to his fellow-workers and superiors, has not the mettle in him to smooth out the bumps of a better job, for the higher up one gets the bigger the bumps and the more there are of them. The whiner can't handle a job of responsibility, and his "bosses" know it, and consequently he never gets it.  
Pinch yourself! How much whining and complaining do you do? Have you ever gotten anywhere in your work by it? Have you analyzed yourself?  
There is usually a reason.—*Oregon Outlook.*  
THE INDIANS' SUGAR  
Indians have as tenacious a memory for benefits as they have for injuries. A contributor to *Field and Stream* gives an especially pleasing reminiscence illustrative of that characteristic of the red man. He lived in Iowa when the State was young. Indians were still plentiful and often camped near his home.  
On one memorable occasion, he writes the dignified old chief, whose name was Wakemo, came with his family to eat with us. First they ate all the bread on the plate; next they ate the potatoes, and so on, *seriatim*. After the meal the chief held open his blanket and said, "Potatoes!" My father took a gunny sack and went to the cellar, closely followed by Wakemo, his squaw and us seven children. As my father began to fill the sack old Wakemo grunted "No!" and opened his blanket; and his squaw began to throw the potatoes on its capacious folds. The blanket held at least two bushels of our best tubers.  
Not a word of thanks did the Indian vouchsafe. But one morning in the next fall we found on our doorstep half of a fine young deer with the symbol of Chief Wakemo on it and the words, "Me no forget." And the day they left the country we found a large "chunk" of buffalo meat in the same place, with the same inscription.  
Father took us children to see the camp, and in broken English the small paposes talked to us. When we reached Wakemo's wigwam, he presented us each with a large egg, which we all solemnly accepted with thanks. The eggs were unaccountably heavy, and on opening one we discovered that the contents had been removed and warm maple sugar substituted, making a delicious sweet the like of which I had never seen before and have seen but once since.  
More than fifty years afterwards I went to see an Indian reservation, and as my friends and I were viewing the scenes an Indian boy came up to us and shyly requested me to follow him. He led me to a tent where I found a perfectly strange Indian brave, who silently held out a gun to me and by motions urged me to take it. He was the son of the old Chief Wakemo, and he remembered my coming to the camp when he was a papoose. "Potatoes," he said, and then he added, "My brave father bade me never forget."  
When I made it clear to him that I had no use for his gun, he inquired if there was anything he could do for the "white chief's son." With a smile I said, "Eggs," and to my grate astonishment he produced enough maple-sugar eggs to supply our whole party.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF  
Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.  
REV. C. O. DANTELL, Pastor, 3236 N. 16th St.  
Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.  
Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.  
Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.  
Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.  
Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.  
Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.  
Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.



# Deaf-Mutes' Journal

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EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 103rd Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

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# Gallaudet College.

On the evening of October 15th, the O. W. L. S. admitted eleven young ladies into full-membership: Misses Roper, '23, Pence, '24, Kilcoyne, '24, Klaitz, '24, Dibble, '25, Dolson, '25, McNeil, '25, Makowski, '25, Jackson, '25, Sowell, '25, and Cohen, '25.

The following evening, the annual O. W. L. S. banquet was held in the Co-eds, dining room. The menu was one of the best served in many years.

Miss Barsley, '22, acting as toast-master made an address of welcome, "To Whitt, Tu Whoo, Welcome!" Miss Hausman, '22, made a response. Miss Roper, '23, spoke on "Hearts Resolved and Hands Prepared." Mrs. Ethel Taylor Hall, '00, closed the program with "A Whoo From the Past."

Several alumnae were present among whom were Mrs. Hall, '00, Miss Fish, '05, Mrs. Parker, ex-'13, Miss Olson, '18 Miss Atkins, '19, Mrs. Cooper, ex-'20, Miss Daley, ex-'24, Miss Nelson, '14, and Miss Peet, of the faculty.

The Lit started its year with a program which compared favorably with past ones. Dr. Hall's reading "James Whitcomb Riley and Some of His Poems," was the feature. It was more of the nature of an introduction to the Hoosier Poet than a thorough essay upon the subject. The debate left much to be desired, both as to effectiveness of marshalling facts and clearness of presenting these facts. The topic was the hackneyed one discussing pro and con, up and down: "Resolved: That the restriction on immigration is of beneficial value to the country!" Baldwin, '23, and Aronovitz, '23, were affirmative and negative respectively. The Judges rendered decision in favor of the affirmative.

The dialogue was first and last a dialogue. "Le Docteur et la Malade," it was called and the principals were Cherry, '23, and Lahn, '24. As a bit of spontaneous humor it was well received. Probably it could have been "pitched on a higher plane." Yet Cherry '23, with his droll manner got away with obvious commonplaces. The idea was to show the inconsistencies of the medical men.

The declamations were very well rendered, but it can hardly be said that they were appropriate. The first had been rendered twice before last year, and the year before: "In Flanders' Fields," by Netusil, '24 and "America's Answer" by Connor, '23.

The critic of the evening was Mr. Werner, '22.

First Sunday School Concert of the year was given by the Junior Class, Sunday, October 16th:

Opening Prayer—Mr. La Fountain. Life of Dante Alighieri—Mr. Cherry.

Sonnet to Dante—Miss Anderson. The Works of Dante—Mr. Leitelbaum.

Selection from the Divine Comedy—Mr. Conner.

Collection. Prayer—Dr. Hotchkiss. Gallaudet, O. P. M. C., 12.

Gallaudet's football warriors journeyed to Chester, Pa., Saturday last, where they encountered the eleven representing the Pennsylvania Military College. They returned with the short end of a 12 to 0 score, but the battle is another story.

The Buff and Blue played great football and really deserved to win, but lacked the necessary punch to push the pigskin across the Cadet's line, which outweighed the Buff and Blue's ten pounds to the man. The score indicates only a small part of a fiercely contested struggle between two smoothly running gridiron machines. It was only the super weight of the Cadets that enabled them to win, for the Buff and Blue was right there with pep and a "Ne'er-do-die" spirit.

The first two quarters were perhaps the outstanding periods of the game. Both sides were held scoreless but the Buff and Blue had a

shade the better of the argument. She made repeated gains around the Cadet's ends but was unable to pierce the opposing line.

The third quarter resulted in two touch downs for the Cadets who had put in a new backfield. Their backs ripped big holes in our line for repeated gains. One of their touch downs was the result of a fumble punt.

The last quarter saw Gallaudet fighting gamely in the face of certain defeat until head and heart, held high for defeat, was never conceded until the final whistle had blown. Our boys are all praised for the clean and sportsmanship treatment accorded them by the Cadets. It is hoped that athletic relations between Gallaudet and P. M. C. will be further strengthened.

Following is the line-up and summary:

GALLAUDET	Pos.	P. M. C.
Randall	L. F.	Reilly
Lahn	L. T.	Bryant
Falk	L. G.	Malinski
Langenberg	C.	Perry
Whalen	R. G.	Schnoberger
Connor	R. T.	Crow
LaFountain	R. E.	Wyman
Wallace	Q. B.	Beckes
Seipp	L. H. B.	Maguire
Roberts	R. H. B.	Blair
Netusil	F. B.	Allen

Touchdowns—Hayes, Lyster. Substitutions—Lyster for Blair; Gyp Allen for Backes; Hayes for Maguire; Rosenbloom for Gyp Allen; Brabook for Reilly; Ward for Malinski; J. Bryant for Ward; Maguire for Rosenbloom. Referee and Douthett, U. of P. Umpire—Gilbert, Williams. Head Linesman—McCormick, Bucknell. Time of periods—12 minutes.

Below is given the remaining games of Gallaudet's football schedule:

Oct. 22—Susquehanna University, away.  
Oct. 29—Home-Coming Day.  
(Two games to be played. Teams to be announced later.)

Nov. 5—St. John's College, away.  
Nov. 11—George Washington U., at home.  
Nov. 19—Drexel Institution, away.

# OMAHA.

"When Autumn flings her banners wide upon October air,  
All nature seems to thank its God for making life so fair—  
The simple things are glorified: The little home that stands  
Beside the lane is like a friend, with warm, extended hands;  
One knows that hearts are all aglow, that tables wide are set  
With damask cloths, and new-laid eggs and milk and country bread.  
One knows that eyes are bright with love, that hearts are filled with cheer,  
When Autumn flings her banners out across the waiting year."

The Ak-Sar-Ben festivities are an annual event in Omaha. This year the daylight floral parade surpassed any of its kind in the history of Quivera. The forty-four floats were all very beautiful, especially a large one with a huge shell shaped back in delicate shades of the rainbow. The electrical pagant at night was also very interesting. There were twenty floats and each had one of Esop's fables for its title. The Ak-Sar-Ben Ball on the last night of the festivities was gorgeous and beautiful. Little Miss Alice Sowell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sowell had a leading role as a dancer in an attractive butterfly costume. She is a pupil of Miss Adelaide Fogg, Omahas' premiere danseuse, who has a theory that children with deaf parents are apt to have a special talent for artistic dancing because of the daily necessity of expressing their thoughts and emotions by means of movements and gestures. "Every little movement has a meaning of its own." Little Miss Grace M. Long, has just entered Miss Fogg's school.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rush are the proud parents of a baby girl born August 21st, as also are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Debus, who have a baby boy that arrived August 12, and then there are Mr. and Mrs. Leo R. Holway rejoicing over the arrival of their 9 1/2 pound baby boy. They have two other fine children, both girls.

Miss Agnes Thornberg of Walnut, Ia., was married recently to Leslie Haurigan of Fremont, Neb. Our congratulations go to the young couple. We have just learned of the engagement of Miss Marie Dady of Council Bluffs, Ia. to J. W. Classen, Jr., but do not know when the wedding will take place.

The Mid-West Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mullin and Mr. and Mrs. Elliott S. Waring at the home of the former, Saturday night, Oct. 8th. There were five tables of "500" and the prizes went to Mrs. O. M. Trenke and H. G. Long for the highest score. Dainty refreshments were served. Programs for the year were given the members and the tally cards, made by Mr. Mullin had photos of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet at the top with a penant below. It is an artistic piece of work and made a handsome souvenir of the occasion.

Messrs. and Mesdames Bingham and O'Brien motored out to Cedar Bluffs, Neb., to the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thomsen, where they found Messrs. and Mesdames Burlew, Chownis, Holland and Mr. W. L. Stiebler, all of Lincoln, Neb. They had a merry time and a sumptuous chicken dinner served by Mr. and Mrs. Thomsen, who have a well-stocked farm, some 360 acres in all. The buildings are modern, even the barns have electric lights.

HAL.

# CHICAGO.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."  
"Deaf are ungrateful" once was truth—  
And drove our good, gray leaders wild.  
Proceed the way the Pas-a-Pas  
Reverses the bulwarks of our class.

The oldest active club for the deaf in America, the Pas-a-Pas, now in its 39th year, has shown signal honor to one of the grand old men of its zenith. For the first time in all these 39 years it voted a life membership. At the meeting October 1, this honor was conferred on C. C. Codman, a Montana rancher, latterly of Akron and vicinity.

Years ago, when the Pas-a-Pas loomed large in national and city politics—a factor in combatting all anti deaf movements—and embracing such immortal names as Regensburg, Roberts, Gibson, Dougherty, Gallagher, etc., Codman was esteemed the hustler of hustlers.

"Deaf folks are ungrateful of their benefactors, has long been a truism in our circles. Our retention of the great Gibson in office all these years was the first signal sign of conscious recognition, and encouraged others with a hope their wearisome work for our weal and welfare may not be altogether "breath wasted on the desert air."

And now comes the Codman recognition, carrying with it membership for life, exempt from all payment of dues.

Justice and rewards come aptly even though late.

The Pas-a-Pas has just secured its new certificate of incorporation, No. 4179, dated August 23, 1921.

Tentative arrangements for a game between the famous Goodyear Silents and some strong local professional football team on a local gridiron, November 13th or 20th, have been made by C. C. Codman, Chicago representative of that famous aggregation. He is understood to have secured a \$1500 guarantee from the President of the City League, who will select the aggregation to meet Goodyear.

October 9th, the Cardinals—this cities' strongest professional team, was beaten 23 to 0 by Akron—world's professional champions last season. As these Akron "pros" beat Goodyear by only 9 to 0 in 1918—after Goodyear lost some of her strongest players—the relative strength of the mighty "Mutes" is apparent.

On September 30th, David O'Connor, a former Chicagoan, was instantly killed when struck by an Akron interurban car speeding 50 miles per hour. O'Connor, who was walking close to the track, but not on it, is reported to have been hurled or carried 400 feet. A constable who saw the accident, and knew the genial Irishman well, found the addresses of his Massachusetts brother and his sister in Minneapolis—Mrs. Reilly, and wired them of the calamity. Both came and accompanied the remains to interment in a Massachusetts Cemetery.

O'Connor had received his five year Goodyear service pin, and would have graduated from the Flying Squadron in two weeks—a honor carrying with it a life job as "master rubber workman." Besides his frat insurance he had a \$2000 policy in the New England Mutual; \$1500 in the Goodyear Relief; two Goodyear Heights lots paid for, valued at \$465 each; a bank balance; and some oil stock and cooperative stock—value unknown.

O'Connor's having anything to leave after death is a decided surprise to me. A surprise because this O'Connor, of Akron, was the only man who ever offered to lend me money (I did not need it at just that precise moment, during the war, so I did not avail myself of his generosity, but made mental note of the fact that I meant to do him a handsome favor, someday, somehow. That can never be now.) O'Connor was one of those mercy rollicking Irishmen, who are always ready to help a friend, and generally end up in the poor house. So his having anything to leave was indeed surprising. The end of a "good fellow" is generally ingratitude and neglect.

Mrs. Reilly plans to sojourn in Chicago a while before proceeding on to her home in Minneapolis.

October 8th was the 50th anniversary of the great Chicago Fire; also the 10th anniversary of the founding of the Silent Athletic Club, incorporated. Preceding a fine free feed were exercises conducted by Arthur Hinch, among the speakers being President Johnnie Sullivan, Chairman F. P. Gibson, A. L. Roberts—until recently Principal of Kendall School, Washington, D. C.—C. C. Codman, one-time King of Chicago Silentdom, and Harry White—the venerable founder of the Utah and Arizona State Schools. George Ross gave one of his inimitable stories, and Mrs. Washington Barrow rendered the "Star Spangled Banner."

Mrs. Ward Small gave an "at home" October 12, fifteen ladies being invited to her exclusive home in North Evanston.

Rev. George Frederick Flick drove his Chevrolet to Cincinnati—his boyhood home—first depositing his mother in Dayton. Then motored with L. J. Bacheberle—the big man of Cincinnati silents—to a board meeting at the Ohio Home

for Aged Deaf in Columbus. Returned October 14th after a ten day tour, bringing his mother. Has only owned that galloping goose for a few months, but looks, acts, and drives like a veteran.

Mrs. H. Leiter has organized a sewing circle among the Ladies of "Flickville"—living in the vicinity of the Sac—which meets at her home every Thursday night while Harry cavorts with his hearing team in the bowling league.

Mrs. Meagher recently gave an afternoon card party to a few friends, being in the nature of a good by to Mrs. Alfred Waugh—who has gone back to Seattle after a Summer with her old folks in Evanston—and Mrs. G. F. Flick—visiting her father in Baltimore.

The Sac has no football team this season—which is wise. The athletes live scattered over such a large radius that regular assembly for practicing proper team-work, and for rounding into physical perfection, is impossible. As nearly all the accidents and deaths resulting in football come to those on so-called "club" teams which have not been properly trained, the Sac policy this year averts more or less serious injuries to young working-men who depend on uninjured hides for their bread and butter.

Fred A. Pence, Los Angeles, dropped in at the Sac; having crossed the continent in a Pullman (Side-door de luxe.)

October 8th, a wedding party was tendered the John Andersons.

Arthur L. Taber, New York (who proudly proclaims he was one of Editor Hodgson's old pupils) is in town and will remain if he secures work.

Alfred E. Arnot motored with his brother to South Bend, Ind., September 18, where a family gathering celebrated their father's 80th birthday.

Henry Briscoe and wife, Los Angeles, are still here visiting relatives.

Arthur Meck, a handsome ex-Chicagoan who has parked his overcoat in Detroit these past several years, was around the local clubs early this month introducing his brand-new bride.

Seven tables of whist at the Sac October first.

The daughter of Melville Cox is visiting in Ohio.

Mrs. Grade Coombs, daughter of Mrs. Mary Emery—who died last January in her 86th year—will shortly leave Chicago to winter in Los Angeles.

C. Murday was called to the bedside of a sick sister in Minnesota, October 10th.

John Young, a goldsmith from Atkin, Canada, has secured work here.

After a long summer in Western New York, visiting her old friends, Mrs. George Schriver has returned with baby Jean.

Mrs. P. J. Hasenstab conducted services at the M. E. Church October 9, while both her husband and the Rev. H. Butherford were out of the city.

The silent Jewish flock in Flickville observed the Jewish New Year 5682, in the Silent A. C., which was rented to the Hebrew congregation of the vicinity at an alleged rental of \$135 for the three days. Henry Ford to the contrary, notwithstanding, those Hebrews have triats that some of us so called Christians should imitate.

Dates ahead. October 22—I. A. D. quarterly meeting at Sac, cafeteria; Stag for Sac members upstairs. October 29—Hallowe'en parties at both the Sac and Pas. November 5—Annual dance of Pas, at Sac. 18-19—Annual bazaar, All Angels.

THE MACHERS.

## STAMFORD, CONN.

Mrs. Robert Martling, of Greenwich, entertained a party of deaf friends at her home, Saturday afternoon and evening of October 8th. It was announced as a "Farwell Party," and is the keeping up a comfortable and long established home. Mrs. Martling and her late husband had lived there thirty-three years. Now the home is to be sold and most of its contents, and the widow will, for the present make her home with relatives in New Haven. But while the circumstances of the party were a bit sad. The party, itself was lively and jolly. There were games, and a nice supper served to all the guests. Then Miss Edith Marshall stood up on a rostrum, and made a bright speech, a reflection of a winsome personality, and gave to the hostess a purse of \$12.00, a token of goodwill and affection of the guests present and others. This gift, the hostess very briefly but feelingly acknowledged. Miss Deborah H. Marshall and Miss E. Caddy, of New York, signed songs ably and gracefully. Mr. Charles Q. Mann, of Youkers, made a pleasing address. Mr. Abraham Marshall, now in his seventy-eighth year, gave a fine address on old times. At about 10 P.M., the party broke up. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Butler and son, Warren R., Mr. and Mrs. George Abrams, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Ira Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Meier, and Mrs. G. W. Odell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Mann, Mr.

Abraham Marshall and Misses Edith and Deborah H., his daughters, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon Marshall, Mrs. Leslie Marshall and son, Jr., Mrs. Nancy Witmeyer, of Cos Cob; John Livingston, James F. Frelliek, his wife, being ill with a cold could not accompany him, Miss E. Caddy and Miss G. Berley, of New York City, Robert McGinness, Mrs. Chas. P. Bourke, Mr. Guitna, of Port Chester, and Miss Mary Chanson, of Derby.

Farwell parties are a part of life for us poor mortals, for it says in a Great Book: "I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as were all my fathers."—Ps. 39:12

II.

## Refreshing Old Straw

EDITOR JOURNAL:—There is absolutely no foundation for charges that the N. A. D. has at any time discriminated against any member of the organization for any reason whatever, least of all because of his religious or other affiliation. Unless explicit and specific replies to each and all of the direct questions contained in my previous communication are forthcoming, further discussion of the absurd contention is merely the rethreshing of old straw.

In my Detroit address I made mention of the JOURNAL, the Silent Worker, the Jewish Deaf and the Frat as dependable sources of reliable information concerning matters of general interest. Other papers not mentioned by name were included in the broad statement that "the more support given school and church papers the better." Nationally and secularly speaking, the JOURNAL, the Silent Worker, the Jewish Deaf and the Frat have earned their place in the sun and it gave me special pleasure to make mention of them. They were not judged by their names or by the auspices under which they were published, but by their contents covering the years of their publication.

The conflict of dates between the Detroit and Milwaukee conventions was unfortunate and wholly unintentional as far as the N. A. D. was concerned. On my way to the Detroit Convention I visited Akron and there met the gentleman who was to preside at Milwaukee, and from him I learned for the first time that there was to be a convention at Milwaukee on the same dates as at Detroit, a coincidence which no one regretted more than myself.

Up to the adjournment of the Detroit Convention, no bid had been received for the next convention. Naturally I was concerned over the advisability of getting it located and making an early start in the way of local preparations. In looking over the field I dropped a suggestion into Pittsburgh, but was informed that that city did not care to put in a bid. I did not know until some weeks later that the Milwaukee Convention had adjourned to meet in Pittsburgh. Had I known it, I would not have sent any suggestion to that city.

In regard to the De l'Epee Memorial Statue Fund, the N. A. D. will carry it through to completion eventually if not soon. The American deaf have too much appreciation of the great benefactor to let the project lag unduly, or to allow it to be obscured by senseless side issues.

The official proceedings of the Cleveland Convention make it plain that the would-be martyr of Richmond Hill was not ignored at Cleveland. He was recognized by the chair, given the floor and had his say about his organization without interruption. It is not recorded in the official proceedings that he made a second attempt to address the convention. The importance attached to the incident may be inferred by the fact that it seems to have entirely escaped the notice of the secretary. But he did catch the eye of the Chairman, was recognized, given the floor, but had not proceeded far until the trend of his remarks brought forth a protest which the chair sustained and promptly ruled him as being out of order.

Instead of being "ignored," as claimed, he got recognition in plenty. He could have appealed from the decision of the chair, but did not do so.

The incident took place in 1913. Three conventions have been held since then, but at none of them has the would-be martyr brought forth his grievance. All the cases of discrimination and ignoring that have been brought forward have been self-inflicted as far as they go. At most they are too puerile for further discussion.

J. H. CLOUD.

St. Louis, Oct. 8.

## DEAF-MUTE SHOT

SHELBYVILLE, TENN., Oct. 1.—Cyril Williams, 16, a deaf-mute, was perhaps fatally shot at a toll gate house near here by William Smith, the gate-keeper.

Williams knocked on the door of the keeper's house, but did not respond to calls as to who he was and his business.

"What would your mother say, little boy," demanded the passer-by virtuously, "if she could hear you swear like that?"

"She'd be tickled to death if she could hear it," answered the bad little boy. "She's stone deaf."—Fun.

# "IN DIXIELAND."

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Help the N. A. D. grow—By Resolving:

That you will keep so busy boosting the association that you won't have time to knock it.  
That you will talk, work, and vote for a bigger, better, and more useful association.

That you will help to make it a good association so that the association itself can make good.

That you will say something good about the association every time you write a letter.

That you will brag about the association so much that you will have to work for it in order to keep from being a liar.

That you will work heart and soul toward helping to reach the \$10,000 by 1923 goal, thereby making the first convention of the N. A. D. ever held on southern territory, a "worlds record breaker."

Delegates and visitors to Atlanta during the Frat Convention will remember our Mayor, James L. Kay, and all he did to help make their stay in our city most pleasant. He is the best mayor Atlanta has had in a long time and by reason of his being a friend to the "common people" he has to take some hard knocks at times from some of the wealthy class of citizens here, who try to dictate his business to him. The latest controversy between the mayor and these people is over the mayor appropriating \$1500 of the city money toward the entertainment of a convention of street car men. Some pretty hot letters have been exchanged and the mayor seems to have the better of it at this writing. Inasmuch as Mayor Kay makes reference to the deaf in one of his letters we quote a passage of the letter below:

"I would like to know what possible argument can be made for appropriating the taxpayers' money for the entertainment of a convention, and it doesn't make any difference what the convention happens to be except one that was directly connected with the city government, such as the coming convention of the fire chiefs' citizen."

Mayor Kay's reply:

"There are other appropriations that have been made by the city of which you do not complain. Last year the city appropriated \$5,000 for the Advertising Clubs of the World, which I believe was money well spent, and evidently you make no objection to it, as you do not mention that as one of your grievances. Also there was an appropriation of \$10,000 made as Atlanta's quota to advertise Georgia. You did not object to that. Recently we made an appropriation to the Association of the Deaf, a matter which was deeply appreciated and contributed much to the happiness of a great many people."

"Whatever your purpose might be, I am working for the building up of the city of Atlanta in every way. I invite the cooperation of everyone who approves of that sentiment. I am for justice and fair play to all, the lowest as well as the highest. That is the true basis of all real property in community growth and development."

"Yours very truly,  
(Signed) "JAMES L. KAY,  
"Mayor."

Mrs. W. W. McLean is mourning the death of her sister, Mrs. Ralph Cooper, which occurred recently. Mrs. Cooper returned home from Jacksonville, Fla., recently quite ill, suffering from what the doctors said was malaria, and died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wilson, on North Wellington Ave. Mrs. Cooper is survived by her husband, Ralph Cooper, two small children, her parents, two sisters, Mrs. W. W. McLean and Mrs. Ward, and one brother, W. T. Wilson, Jr. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.

Mr. J. M. Hunt, of Stone Mountain, was shot and instantly killed on October 10th, by his nephew, A. M. Donnehoo, who for a long time has been a member of Atlanta's Deaf colony. Donnehoo has always been considered a quiet and inoffensive man, and his sudden turning into a murderer was a shock to every one here. He is believed to have been temporarily insane when he sent the fatal bullet into the dead man's chest. Six weeks ago Donnehoo was tried on a lunacy charge, but a jury adjudged him sane and he was released. It is believed the resentment against Hunt who is said to have had him held and tried on the charge of lunacy, lingered in his mind until it turned into hatred and insanity, and while laboring under this obsession, he is believed to have committed the fatal deed. He has been arrested and is now confined in the DeKalb County Jail at Decatur.

The Atlanta Silent Woman's Club which was recently re-organized and made an auxiliary of the local N. A. D. is now busily engaged in arranging a series of entertainments of different kinds for the fall and winter. The members of this club have set the sum of three thousand dollars as their share of the money to be raised to finance the entertainment of the 1923 N. A. D. convention, and these ladies will, no doubt devise many different ways and means to separate a poor man and his money. Each and every member of this club is a "live wire" and the club as a whole are a "bunch of live wires," and we challenge any other city or State to equal them. Believe us—it can't be done.

Mr. Francis P. Gibson, of the National Fraternal Society of the

Deaf, is slated to deliver an address in Atlanta at an early date. He will stop over in this city on his tour of inspection of the various southern divisions of the N. F. S. D. Arrangements are now being made to make his visit here as pleasant and enjoyable as possible. We are all hoping that we may be able to induce him to remain with us long enough for us to give him an old fashioned "Possum and Sweet "later" dinner. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, you know, and no body can beat the Atlanta folks in getting up the good "eats."

For the information of our friends, and the general public, we wish to state that the members of the Executive Board of the local committee which will serve the 1923 N. A. D. convention, are: L. H. Dickerson, Chairman, Rose A. Johnson, Vice-Chairman; Mrs. C. L. Jackson, General Secretary; I. H. Marchman, Financial Secretary; and Rev. S. M. Freeman, Treasurer.

Mr. W. H. Strickland, 18 years of age, the hearing brother of Mrs. Wade H. Davis and Mrs. W. H. Alexander, two Atlanta silents, was almost instantly killed on October 5, while racing his automobile on the Lakewood race tracks. Entrance to the race course was strictly forbidden by the management of the park and Strickland had entered the course unknown to the watchman at the park and was racing his car around the track when the accident occurred. He seemed to have lost control of his car which crashed into the fence, overturning, crushing him so badly that he died shortly after being removed from beneath the car. The accident was a most deplorable one and was caused by his own utter disregard of the strict rules of the park, prohibiting entrance on the race course. He leaves a young wife, a bride of a few months, his parents and several sisters, two of whom, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Alexander are deaf-mutes. He is also survived by one deaf brother.

The October issue of the Silent Worker has just reached this town and every body is reading it with interest, and we can't help but feel just a little bit "puffed up" over the many nice things said in it about our city and our people. In the leading article we note with amusement Mr. Pach's reference to "hot" and "cold" water, and state for his benefit that the faucet labeled "cold" is all right when one knows how to work it. The reason of it being so lukewarm is that the water pipes are all mostly above ground and become heated by the sun rays, consequently the water that stands for any length of time in the pipes become heated. If the water is turned on and allowed to drain off for ten or fifteen minutes one can obtain as cool and sparkling a drink of water as that drawn from the deepest well.

After over two years of all sorts of trials, troubles, tribulations, with "rented" machines this scribe is now the proud possessor of a brand new typewriter. It being a present from the members of the various silent organizations of Atlanta, each organization contributing a like amount of money toward the purchase price. The amount raised in this way, together with some individual contributions being quite sufficient to pay spot cash for the machine. These Atlanta silents generally do the nice thing when they get started and we state right here that we are going to make this typewriter "talk" up for them in future.

C. L. J.

Mute, First Thought Victim Of Fit, Was Struck By Auto

With two fractured ribs,



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the best.

### N. A. D. BRANCH.

The anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet—friend and benefactor of the deaf—will occur on Saturday evening, December 10th.

The Social Committee of the Greater N. Y. Branch, N. A. D., has arranged a Banquet to be held in commemoration of the day at the Cafe Boulevard, Broadway and 41st Street. It is hoped that the Manhattan Chapter of Gallaudet College and other interested bodies will readily co-operate.

Dinner tickets, and complete details will be out soon. In the meantime, please reserve the date—Saturday evening, to be 10th—in your social calendar.

It is expected that the next Business Meeting of the Greater N. Y. Branch, N. A. D., will be held at the N. Y. Training School for Teachers, West 119th Street, near 7th Avenue, on Tuesday evening, November 22d, 8 P.M. Official confirmation will follow.

### H. A. D. NOTES.

Yom Kippur, the most solemn of Jewish holidays was suitably observed at the S. W. J. D. Temple.

On Tuesday evening, October 11th, Rev. A. J. Amateau spoke impressively on "Inscribed in the Book of Life," and on Wednesday morning his topic was on "The Significance of the Day." In the afternoon, Mr. Marcus L. Kenner gave a talk on "Our Common Problems."

Mr. Louis A. Cohen kindly assisted with part of the services, and a choir composed of Misses Anna Jacobs, Rebecca Champagne, Clara Sylvester, Sarah Kreinen and Eva Wax added grace to the occasion by several well rendered hymns.

On Friday evening, October 14th Dr. Thos. F. Fox spoke effectively on "Passing Judgment."

Fifteen new active members were proposed at the business meeting held on Sunday afternoon, October 16th. Within a short time, the roster will likely reach the 400 mark.

A generous donation of \$100.00 by Mr. Adl. Fliegenheimer was announced. The gift was made in memory of his mother and will go towards forming the nucleus of a proposed Cemetery Fund.

Before the largest crowd that ever assembled on a court in Patterson, N. J., Saturday night, the Spartans were to defeat at the hand of the "Hoes." In spite of their first game this season against one of the leading teams in New Jersey, the Silents showed so very well that the spectators thought they were wonderful. The game was very thrilling every minute from start to finish. At the end of the first half the Silents were ahead by a score of 25 to 15, and it looked as they were safe, but in the closing minutes of the second half, the bad breaks went against them as Otto Jelenik, their best shooter met with an accident, which inflicted a deep cut on his head, and meanwhile the home boys made a remarkable rally, while the Silents were weakened by his absence.

The line up—

	Field Goals	Fouls	Points
Wozel	1	4	6
Moster	1	4	4
Jelenik	7	4	18
Beggy	1	0	2
Herlands	3	2	8
			38
	Field Goals	Fouls	Points
Eaton	3	6	10
Bailon	3	3	9
Cohn	3	3	7
Jacobson	4	3	11
Bowers	2	3	6
			43

### THE LIPPENS SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

September 25th was the occasion of a gathering of friends, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lippens, in East Orange, N. J., to celebrate the silver wedding anniversary of the couple.

The celebration was arranged by Mrs. Lippens' personal friends, and was intended more as a surprise party, and the secret was so admirably kept that it proved a veritable surprise to the couple.

Under the astonished eyes of Mrs. Lippens, the company marched into the house, took possession of the dining-room and, soon under the skillful manipulation of Mrs. Arthur Bachrach, the table fairly groaned under the weight of the good things the guests had provided.

When the repast was concluded, Mrs. I. Goldberg arose, and with a few appropriate remarks befitting the occasion, presented the couple with thirty-eight pieces of silver, as a mark of appreciation from their many friends. Then Mrs. E. Hannan, of Washington, gave a beautiful rendition of a rare piece of

## OHIO.

October 15, 1921.—Despite the threatening weather of the morning, October 8th, these people braved to go up to the Home for its annual inspection by the members of the Board. It's well, they did for later on the skies cleared and barring a cold wind, the occasion was pleasant. Rev. George Flick, Louis J. Bacheberle, Rev. C. W. Charles and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Zorn, Rev. Utten and Mrs. Read and two sons, Glenn and Kalph, Mr. and Mrs. Ohlemacher, Mr. and Mrs. Bockert, Mr. Showalter, Mr. and Mrs. Greener and Miss Clois Lamson, who assisted the matron in entertaining the guests. Revs. Flick and Read kindly took part of the crowd up and back, and the others went by the car line.

No time was lost after greeting, Superintendent Chapman and Mrs. Chapman in making an inspection of the men's new building, and it is not overdrawn that its appearance and arrangements were satisfactory. The plastering was about completed on the second floor and lower one, partly. The heating apparatus was in the basement, and will soon be set up. The slate for the roof had not arrived yet so far paper is used as a protection. The contractor for the building is up to time with the work, and there is every indication that the men will be able to occupy their new quarters by December 1st.

The live stock of the Home give evidence that it was well taken care of. Both barn mows were filled to their full capacity, the corn crop for the year was fine, and the garden was still filled with late vegetables, and there will be plenty to sustain the residents through the year, or until next harvest time. The "residents" were glad to have company, and enjoyed the talk, they had with board members and their wives in the afternoon in the assembly room. Only one resident was unable to participate, Mrs. Harrison, who is confined to her room yet from a broken hip. However, she was visited by the company. With assistance, she can leave her bed, and sit in a chair by the window, where she can read or write to friends.

The chief event of the day was the chicken dinner, not only to the members of the Board, but to the "residents" of the Home also. The menu was the same for each, the only difference being that it was served in different rooms.

A novelty presented the guests, when they entered the dining room. A large vase of flowers on the table was surrounded by two small boards standing, one decorated with the picture of a gentleman, the other with that of a lady. Underneath the pictures was written. The — eating smaller wooden pads with the same designs, but alternately with a gentleman and lady lay at each plate thus indicating the seat of a gentleman and lady. "The — eating" was a puzzle for about all. Its full meaning was "The Board eating."

As to the feast itself. It was fit for a king in menu and preparation, and as such was surely relished by all who partook of it. Regert was expressed that Dr. Patterson, Rev. Eagleson and Mr. MacGregor and Superintendent Jones, who most always graced these occasions were absent because of other engagements.

After the meal, Rev. Mr. Flick was called upon for a talk. He said he had attended many chicken dinners, and hence was in a position to judge the one he had just finished, of some the fowl was aged strong, tough, or not well cooked. He was certain that of which we had partaken today had not been in cold storage for some months, but from the roast last night, and then it was so well cooked there was no difficulty in severing the meat from the bones, the seasoning was just right, and all the accompaniments of the piece de resistance could not have been better prepared. Everything about the Home gave evidence that Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were devoted to its cause and spared no pains in giving those under them a good home.

He moved that a vote of thanks be given the host and hostess for the spread, they had set out for their guests, which was unanimously agreed to by rising vote.

Rev. Flick assisted Rev. Charles in the services, Sunday morning last at Trinity Chapel. The seats of the room were nearly all occupied. Rev. Charles baptized John F. Davis, of this city, at the conclusion of the regular service.

Rev. Flick placed the use of his automobile at the service of his friends here. Besides taking some of the Board Members up to and back from the Home Saturday, he also conveyed to Grove City, and back Mr. Winemiller and family, where they called on MacGregors.

At the same time, Mr. Zell brought over from his home, Mr. Bacheberle and later accompanied him to the station to see him off for Cincinnati. Rev. Flick followed Monday via Dayton, where he took on his mother, and went with her to Cincinnati, to remain there a few days, with relatives.

Mr. J. Albert Horn, of Zanesville, and Miss Bessie Riddle were married Wednesday afternoon, at the home of the bride's brother, Oren W. Riddle, of Piqua, O., by Rev. C. W. Charles. Miss Riddle was attended by her sister-in-law, while the groom's bestman was Fred Slonkowski. There were a number of the deaf of Piqua, present at the ceremony. Both are graduates of the school here, and are well known among the deaf. Our best wishes go with them.

Hark! From down among the hills of Highland County, come the tidings that the stork left Roy B. Conkling, Jr., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy J. Conkling, September 27, 1921. Hope he will grow up and be a printer and editor as his father is.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. King, of this city, because grandparents when a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mosher, of this city.

The first game of O. S. S. D. football team played last Saturday, with the one at Groveport resulted in a defeat, 8 to 0.

Dr. Patterson went to Cincinnati last Saturday, where on Sunday, he gave a service in the Methodist Episcopal Church, the one formerly in charge of Rev. Utten Read. We are informed that there was a large audience present.

An inkling of what is in store for us soon, winter—came Wednesday, when some snow fell followed during the night by a heavy frost.

October 9th, a number of the deaf from around Kinsman gathered at the home of Mrs. Fred Plant and son, having along well filled baskets of things that tickle the palate.

The forenoon was spent by the masculine sex in quiet pitching, while the gentler ones recounted their school days doings. After dinner, mind you, several chickens had fallen to the axe the day previous. Games were the features with prizes for those who carried off the honors.

A human wheelbarrow race was one, which Mr. and Mrs. Knowles won. Not surprised, for when Knowles was a pupil here, he wasn't noted as a fat man, rather he was tall and lank, while his opponent was just the opposite. His wife was unable to move him even with the assistance of Mrs. Steel, and hence lost the race.

The games over, Mrs. Knowles entertained the crowd with the recitation of "Yankee Doodle." A love story was told by Mrs. Steel and Miss McNally acted in pantomime, "A Sad Soldier." That ended the days exercises and the visitors departed for their several homes.

The following composed the gathering: Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman, of Salem; Miss Julia McNally, of Youngstown; Mrs. Steel, of Akron; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Knowles and son, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brooks and son, of East Orvell; John Van Garden, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Betts and Mrs. Fred Plant and son, Sidney, of Kinsman.

Mrs. Reuben Bice is now employed as a helper to the matron at the Home. Since the death of her husband several years ago she had been making her home with her married daughter in this city. She likes the work at the Home and the "residents" like her.

Jacob Stebleton, of Dayton, O., was admitted as a resident of the Home last week, and likes it there.

A. B. G.

### "Mute" Speaks When Policeman Appears, Given Ninety-Day Term

Posing as a mute, seeking funds to pay for an education, Arthur Boldue, twenty two years old, of 61 Columbia Street, this city, prospered in Arlington Saturday afternoon, according to the Police. Everything was going well until he played upon the sympathies of Mrs. Philip Bell, wife of the Kearny police captain. For collecting twenty-five cents from Mrs. Bell, Boldue, who went under the alias of Arthur King, is now serving a ninety-day term in the Hudson County Penitentiary.

When Boldue appeared at Captain Bell's home in Argyle Place and presented a typewritten petition, requesting a contribution that would aid him in making himself self-supporting, Mrs. Bell gave him twenty-five cents and wrote her name under a list of other persons. When Captain Bell arrived home a few minutes later, he was informed of what had occurred.

Telephoning to police headquarters for a motorcycle officer, Captain Bell went out in search of the "unfortunate" and found him within a block. When the officer tapped the "mute" on the shoulder, the latter grunted a trifle too loudly to satisfy the captain.

"Speak," ordered the captain. But this time only a pitiful moan issued from the man's lips.

"All right, I'll take you where you might be able to get your voice back," Captain Bell said.

When Boldue felt the tight grasp of the officer on his shoulder, and spied the police call box, for which he was involuntarily heading, he said to the captain:

"I can talk."

A few hours later Police Recorder Wimmer sentenced him.—*Newark Evening News, October 10, 1921.*

## PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reldor, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., held its regular monthly meeting at All Souls' Parish House, Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders in the chair and Miss Edythe Z. Dunner recording. Some business was transacted, after which the annual elections, postponed from the September meeting, took place and resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders; Vice-President, Mrs. Minnie Truop; Secretary, Edythe E. Dunner; Treasurer, Harry F. Smith, and Assistant Treasurer, Daniel Paul. The attendance at this meeting was good.

Last Thursday, 13th, was annual Donaton Day at the Home in Doylestown. It was a quiet event. Owing to the high cost of foodstuffs, the Ladies' Committee of the Home did not attempt to entertain the visitors as in pre-war times. And anyway, there were very few deaf people from Philadelphia among the visitors, the distance and time being unsuitable to most of the deaf. There was talk at this meeting of trying innovation of holding a 'Donation Day Meeting' in Philadelphia next year to make it a more convenient place for the deaf to bring their donations. A supper or other entertainment might be held in connection with it, and be the means of giving the Home more aid than has been given it heretofore. Other localities might follow this example and also be able to help more than formerly. We think it is a good plan and hope that it will not be forgotten when the time comes around again.

As far as we know, the first deaf person in this State to get into the clutches of the Motor Vehicle Law is C. Forrest Roward, of Reading. The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, of October 14th, reports that the State Highway Department has revoked Roward's license for running a car "without the required percentage of normal hearing," and after failing to appear for examination. A report says that a certain Philadelphian, while running up the State, was called down at a point and his deafness discovered, but officer allowed him to proceed on his way after giving him a mild rebuke. Had the officer known the full extent of the law, this deaf-mute might have been the first to be affected by the new law.

The following note appeared in the Philadelphia Record on the Saturday, 15th:

The annual donation day for the Archbishop Ryan Memorial Institute for Deaf-Mutes, No. 3509 Spring Grand Street, will be held today. The home for the young unfortunate was recently moved from No. 1803 Vine Street to West Philadelphia, and it is to carry on extensive alterations and needed improvements that a drive will be conducted for funds during the winter.

The Sisters of St. Joseph are in charge, and because of their special training in the education of the deaf, pronounced success has been attained by the institute. Donations of money, food, clothing or other articles will be gratefully received at the home on Spring Garden Street.

Washington Houston was notified by a telegram of the death of his only brother, Dr. Eugene Alexander Houston, on that day after a lingering illness, at Somerville, N. J., about thirty six miles from New York City, where he had been living the last few years of his life, at the age of 78 or 79. He was long a resident of Yonkers and later of New York City. Washington's great loss can be better understood when we state that his brother was a real father to him, his own father having died when he was very young, and he, in turn, was greatly attached to him. Washington visited his sick brother last September and he realized then from what he saw that the end could not be far off. We deeply sympathized with him in the loss of so dear and helpful a brother.

A congregation of between 150 and 200 was in attendance at All Souls' Church for the Deaf on Sunday afternoon, October 16th, to greet the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Dantzer, on his homecoming. He had been absent from the city since the middle of last May, and although his health is not normal yet, the chilly temperature of the weather at the seashore induced him to return to the rectory where he prefers to spend the winter. He was assisted at this service by the Rev. Herbert C. Merrill, of New York, and the Rev. Henry J. Pulver, of Washington, D. C. The service was begun by Rev. Mr. Merrill, Mr. Dantzer entering it at the reading of the Epistle for the day; he preached the sermon and read the Communion service and then was relieved by Rev. Mr. Merrill and Pulver, who administered the Sacrament to the congregation. But for his weakness Mr. Dantzer seemed like his old self; his delivery was clear but slow, evidently being careful not to over-exert himself by his part in the service. He was warmly welcomed by his parishiners after the service, and all hope that it will

only be a question of time when he will be restored to health.

Mrs. Nancy Moore and Miss Mabel Wilson, who had left the city on the death of the former's brother last Spring, returned here on October 4th. Their friends are glad to have them back, for they seem like one of us, always showing interest in our local activities. Mrs. Moore will be in charge of the coming Halloween party on October 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nitto (formerly Mrs. Simone), Mr. and Mrs. William Morgan and Mr. Morris Garbet, all of near Scranton, Pa., came down here on Sunday, 16th, and returned home the same day. Three or four Wildwood, N. J., deaf-mutes also spent this Sunday in Philadelphia.

Mr. James L. Patterson helped his sister, Miss Ella C. Ranslow, get fixed up in a new house on Glenmore Ave., West Philadelphia, last week. Mr. Patterson used to live with her, but at present is boarding with Mr. and Mrs. James L. Weeney. He praises Mr. Weeney warmly for building an excellent shed to his home.

Mr. Charles Partington entered the Pennsylvania Osteopathic Sanatorium, near York, Pa., for treatment early last week. His wife accompanied him to be with him while there. Latest report says he is benefitting by treatment.

The Beth Israel Association for the Deaf resumed its activities for the current season on October 9th. Rev. Herbert C. Merrill arrived in Philadelphia last Thursday, October 13th, and delivered a helpful lecture on "Money," before the Clerical Association in the evening. The following day he left for Washington, D. C., to visit a sick friend, returning to Philadelphia on Sunday for the service at All Souls'.

## FANWOOD.

The long expected annual event—the appointment of Cadet Officers and the resumption of drill took place Friday morning of October 14th, Major Van Tassel appointed new cadet officers for the ensuing year. They are as follows: Cadet Captains, Louis Cassinelli, Company A; Charles Klein, Company B; Robert Fitting, Company C; Adjutant, John Spellman; Lieutenants, Thomas Whalen, Company A; Joseph Mazzola, Company B; Emil Mulfeldt, Company C; Lieutenant and Band Leader, Abraham Liehtblau; First Sergeants, Daniel Lazarowitz, Co. A; Mitchell Czeck, Co. B; Lester Cahill, Co. C; Sergeant and Assistant Band Leader, Richard Pokorny; Color Sergeants Meyer Lifshutz and Arthur Jensen; Drum Major, James Garlick and Band Corporals Alfred Ederheimer and Stephen Damiana.

The rest of the cadet officers will be appointed in the near future. Colonel Gardner then made an address to the Cadet officers, pointing out their duties, and by their faithfulness to their trust they would advance both physically and mentally. He also impressed in their minds that it was their duty to act as Cadet officers not only during the drill hour, but at all times. In class rooms, the trades School, in fact every minute during their term they should act their part, thus setting good examples for the younger cadets to follow. He congratulated on the new officers appointment and hoped they will make good.

On the evening of October 14th the meeting of the Protean Society was held. Election of Officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Cadet Lieutenant Thomas Whalen; Vice-President, Cadet Captain Louis Cassinelli; Secretary, Cadet Lieutenant Emil Mulfeldt; Treasurer, Cadet Adjutant John Spellman; Chairman, Cadet First Sergeant Mitchell Czech; Active Members, Cadet Captain Robert Fitting, Cadet Lieutenant Joseph Mazzola, and Lieutenant and Band Leader Abraham Liehtblau.

The new Probationers appointed by the senior members on that evening are: Cadet Captain Charles Klein, Cadet First Sergeants Daniel Lazarowitz and Lester Cahill, and Color Sergeant Meyer Lifshutz.

Mr. Carl Frisch, one of the Boy's tutors is so dejected on account of the Yanks losing the title of Champions in the recent World's Series with the Giants, that he is unable to sleep at nights. During the baseball season he spent many a pleasant afternoon rooting for the Yanks, Babe Ruth in particular. Fact is he hardly noticed the other eight ball players comprising the Yanks, only Babe Ruth. No wonder he is dejected, because Ruth was not able to play in the last three games, which the Giants captured.

Wednesday, October 12th, being Columbus day (a holiday in New York), the pupils assembled in the chapel at 10 o'clock. In turn Professors Thomason, Jones, Burdick, Iles and Dr. Fox told incidents in the life and struggle of the man we had been assembled to honor.

Their discourses were both interesting and instructive.

Mr. Washington Houston, a graduate of this school, of Philadelphia, Pa., was in the city, on a sad mission, to attend the funeral of his brother, Dr. Eugene Alexander Houston, who died on Monday, October 10th, of cancer of the stomach. The funeral took place on Wednesday, the 12th inst. Mr. Washington Houston has the sympathy of his friends in his great loss. On Monday, the 17th, he was a visitor here.

On the 14th of October, Professor William G. Jones lectured before the members of the Fanwood Literary Association concerning Unemployment. It was indeed interesting to us.

Cadet Milton Kopolowitz, a small cadet, was the first boy of this Institution, to see the World Series Baseball game between the two opposing teams, the Giants and the Yankees, at the Polo Ground, on the 12th inst. His dad, who at one time was a pupil of this Institution, took him there.

Miss Estelle Carter, of New Orleans, La., the guest of Miss Estelle Gardner, visited the JOURNAL Printing office on Monday afternoon, and saw the boys at work, and seemingly looked interested in what she saw. Mrs. Gardner, the Principal's wife also conducted her through other departments.

Miss Alice E. Judge, who was successfully operated on for appendicitis at St. Luke's Hospital will soon return to the Institution, and her friends are glad she is on the road to good health once more.

At noon on Tuesday, October 11st, the Hebrew pupils again were given permission to go home to observe Yom Kippur. They returned to school Friday morning, October 14th.

Mr. Harry Rosenstein, of Boston, Mass., visited the Institution on Thursday afternoon and was greatly impressed how smoothly every thing rotates in the daily routine here at Fanwood.

Mr. George S. Wilkinson, the Storekeeper of our School is confined to his home suffering from a sprained ankle. His friends at the Institution hope for his speedy recovery.

On Friday, October 14th, 1921, some of the cadets were transferred from Company B to Company A. They were much delighted to get long trousers.

Cadet Andrew Baka, one of our amateur long-distance runners, won second prize at Mt. Vernon on Columbus' Day in one-mile run.

## ST. LOUIS NEWS.

Mr. Charles Cole, of Oil City, Pa., has been sojourning in St. Louis for sometime, seeing the sights and having a good time. He departed for home on the 15th, on the Pennsylvania Line. He has been with the Oakwood Rosey Co. for thirty one years, working in their greenhouse, and is highly favored by his company.

The Ladies' Rummy Club had their meeting at Mrs. Ralph Udall, 6222 Hoffman Street, on the 13th. All had a very good time, especially the elaborate repast.

Mrs. Sarah Panoske, of East St. Louis, Ill., was tendered with a pleasant farewell party recently. She is to go and live with her mother in Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. W. H. Schaub, wife of our President of the N. F. S. D., Division No. 24, had a pleasant surprise on her birthday by several friends of hers.

Miss Ella Dillon was married to Mr. Errard, September 28th. Congratulations are extended to the couple.

The St. Louis Division, No. 24, of the N. F. S. D., will have a Halloween party, October 22nd, at the Keystone Hall. A good time is in store for all who attend, come and have a good time.

All deaf printers are advised to keep away from St. Louis as the strike is still on and business is very dull.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Fry are the happy owners of a little girl that came to them recently.

There are about twenty deaf-mutes in our burg that own and drive their own automobiles, they also have formed an Auto Club that meets once a month in the Literary with a membership of about 30. There are others to follow as the price of automobiles are very reasonable at this time.

It is said that Mrs. Bettie Strauss, of Alabama, is going to call on her sister, Mrs. Sam Perlmutter in the near future. They have not seen each other for over seventeen years. A happy meeting is anticipated.

It is rumored that a good football game is brewing in Fulton, Mo., for Thanksgiving Day and several of our boys are planning to make the trip.

## REXY.

A race of 40,000 head-hunting cannibals, declared to be the smallest human beings, as a race, was recently discovered by an explorer in the New Hebrides.



## WASHINGTON.

Preston Masters was seriously hurt Wednesday night at the Western Co-op. plant. He works at wood splitting machine on the night shift, and has had steady work for many years. A fellow worker by carelessness caused Masters, to be caught between a machine, and the wall, one leg being driven against his chest. The leg was broken, ribs were broken, the spine was injured, and Masters will be unable to work for a year or two. He is in the good Samaritan Hospital, Portland, Ore. He will get compensation from the Co-operative Oregon State Compensation Commission, N. F. S. D., and the Elma Life Insurance Company. He owns his own home, and has money in the bank. He is a widower with grown up children. Born to Chas. and Lizzie Tooth Gannon, a baby girl, September 22d.

Born to Geo. and Hardy Fromm, a baby.

Oscar Sanders has left San Francisco for Los Angeles.

C. A. Gunner has set 1000 strawberry plants on his place, north of Seattle.

Willie and Edith Hunter expect to realize \$1200 or more clear from their three-acre grape vineyard.

The Clarke County Prunarians exhibit a plate of twenty-one prunes to the pound. New York offers eighteen cents for all 20-30 grades. P. H. Divine, L. A. Divine and T. P. Clarke have many of that size. P. H. Divine has over four tons in storage, L. A. D. over one ton, and T. P. Clarke has about twenty tons.

The standard prune, a Burbank growth, averages in California nine to the pound for the best, but Clarke County prunes have the flavor of juicy sweetness, meatiness and size that California prunes do not equal.

The sugar content is 15 to 26 per cent for the average prune.

Chas. Lawrence has built a shop next to his home, installed shoe repairing machinery and will solicit the business. He makes them to order, too.

Jack Bertram failed to negotiate the grade from the North Bank Highway to the Divine place. The proprietor of a filling station propped a log against the rear wheels and drove to Vancouver for A. C. McDonald, who found the gas supply low. A. C. McDonald backed the Ford by cylinder compression down to the highway.

Grover Evans and Scott Hallway got through picking prunes at the Clarke ranch.

Mr. Giffen has had an operation on both ears. The pain was intense, but the relief great.

B. L. Craven has had trouble with abscesses in the upper jaw.

Mrs. Dora C. Craven is still working at the coöperation.

Willie Spieler has come back from Hamsburg, South Oregon, to his old job in the Coöperation.

Ralph Pickett has resumed work in the coöperation.

Graham lost two wool blankets and other articles. So he came to Vancouver and bought an extra automatic 6-shot pistol handling colt ammunition. It is a Spanish make, S. J. Morris was in Portland after visiting the State Fair at Salem.

Jack Butram exhibited his fancy Plymouth Rock breeding stock at the Salem fair.

Papers report Washington Oregon and California overrun with hoboes. They even stole an entire train in South California.

Miss Eleanor A. Sims has resigned as secretary accountant at the School for Deaf, and gone to Oregon City.

Jake Garberson has received his \$50 sick benefit from the Frats. The luck is all his way, no expense for hospital or doctor. Being 48 years old he needs the money to pay his other debts.

The Rotarians entertained the teachers of the School for the Deaf this week.

Willie Hunter ran down last winter. An ex soldier and his wife walking on the wrong side of the street. The ex-soldier took all the blame, but Willie paid the expenses. Now Willie is being sued for \$4000 damages.

A. K. Waugh may go back to Seattle or San Francisco now that his wife is back at Seattle from a three months visit with relatives in Illinois. Alfred is an expert gas meter repairer.

Mrs. Mabel Scanlan Linde has been driving her second-hand Chevrolet after that elusive intangible thing, rumor. The will-o'-the-wisp flares up in the near distance, is chased, disappears to light up another spot and never has been located.

White still has trouble with his back. The Frats gave him benefits twice and the State Compensation fund was a help for two years.

P. H. Divine is independent. His age and condition do not prevent him from helping himself. On return from town he hit his leg on a block of wood in the dark and the ankle swelled. But his stamina is such, a cane is not needed.

Bjorkquest is teaching painting in addition to shoe-making at the school for the deaf.

Many deaf mutes are out of work in Seattle, Ogden and Salt Lake City. Seattle mutes have flocked to the nearby fruit regions.

Some complaint has been made against my use of my real name in these columns. Well, I have nothing to conceal.

Richard Spellman, the famous correspondent of the *Public Ledger*, has promised to sell the Columbia River Highway to the world through his syndicated articles. The more knowledge spread about this scenic road, the better.

THEO C. MUELLER  
Oct. 3, 1921.

### Wonderful Uses of Wood

At a recent State Fair there was a remarkable exhibit of the new uses to which wood is put.

One of the interesting things is the ways wood is turned into silk by mechanical and chemical means. The humble silk-worm has lost her monopoly. Wood silk is not as durable as that made by the worm, but who cares for durability in these times? The artificial product looks like silk and feels like silk even if it doesn't wear like silk.

Wood sausage casings are another novelty. The casings that were one of the by-products of the slaughter-house have quite gone by. Few can tell the silk casings from the others. Phonograph records are made from woodpowder, pressed by hydraulic power. Wood-floor shingles are made in a similar way; and woodpaper milk bottles, and even wooden car-wheels.

The object of this exhibition was to show that almost every bit of wood can be put to some good use, and that waste of wood by needless burning should be stopped.

A sugar beet harvesting machine has been invented which digs, frees the beets from clinging soil, and places them in a conveyance in a remarkable time.

### CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

#### NEW YORK DISTRICT.

St. Ann's Church, every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. Holy Communion 1st Sunday each month 3 P.M. and 2d Sunday each month 9 A.M.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday 3 P.M. Holy Communion, 4th Sunday each month, 3 P.M.

Oct. 23-24d Sunday after Trinity.  
St. Ann's Church, 9 A.M.  
St. Ann's Church, 3 P.M.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.  
St. Peter's Church, Portchester, 10 30 A.M. Holy Communion.

Oct. 30-23d Sunday after Trinity.  
St. Ann's Church, 9 A.M.  
St. Ann's Church, 3 P.M.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.  
The Gallaudet Home, 10 30 A.M.

Services at Newburgh, at Stamford and other places by appointment.

Office Hours at Guild House: Mornings, 9 to 12; evenings, 7 to 8 30; except Monday and Thursday.

REV. JOHN H. KENT,  
511 West 148th Street  
New York City.

#### Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary,  
2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.  
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 9:15 P.M.  
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.  
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.  
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.  
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.  
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.  
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.  
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.  
Hagerstown—St. Thomas Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Other Places by Appointment.

### Hallowe'en Party

#### St. Vincent A. A.

ATHLETIC BRANCH  
Xavier Allied Society.

Sunday, October 23, 1921

AT 8 P.M.

#### KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS INSTITUTE

Hansen Place, South Portland Ave., Brooklyn.

Fun, Frolic, Games, Refreshments. Of course a Dance or Two. A Jolly Good Time. Every body Welcome.

TICKETS, - or at door, - 35 CENTS

Rev. Hugh A Dalton,  
Matty Higgins, Moderator,  
President.

### Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.  
Mrs. J. M. KEITH, Mute Interpreter

Sabbath School—2 P.M.  
Sermon—3 P.M.  
Christian Endeavor—4:15 P.M.  
Everybody Welcome.

Come on, ole dear,

### BARN DANCE

of the

#### Alphabet Athletic Club

—AT—

### WAVERLY HALL

Myrtle and Waverly Avenues,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday, Nov. 12, 1921.

At 8 o'clock

SOUVENIRS TO ALL

Tickets - - - 35 Cents

### LANTERN DANCE

auspices of

#### Hebrew Association of the Deaf

S. W. J. D. BUILDING  
40-44 West 115th Street  
NEW YORK CITY

#### SOUVENIRS

Saturday Evening, Nov. 26th

at 8 o'clock

ADMISSION, - - 25 CENTS

COMING EVENTS:  
December 24—Hanukkah Party.  
January 28—???  
February 15—???

Come All Fun for All Fine Prizes

### HALLOWE'EN PARTY

under auspices of the

#### Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

to be held at

St. Mark's Parish House  
606 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
1 block from Broadway and Myrtle Ave., "L" Train

Monday Eve, November 7, 1921.

Admission 35c Including Refreshments

Mr. J. H. BREIDEN, Chairman

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## MASQUERADE BALL

Newark Division, No. 42, N. F. S. D.

### MASONIC TEMPLE

835 Bergen Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Saturday Evening, November 26, 1921

MUSIC BY MRS. BEGG'S BAND.

TICKETS, - (including War Tax) - 55 CENTS

DANCING CONTEST—1st, \$7.50 to gentleman and \$7.50 to lady partner; 2d, \$1.50 to gentleman and \$1.50 to lady partner.  
PRIZES FOR COSTUMES—MALE: 1st, \$10; 2d, \$5; 3d, \$2.50; 4th, \$1. FEMALE: 1st, \$10; 2d, \$5; 3d, \$2.50; 4th, \$1.

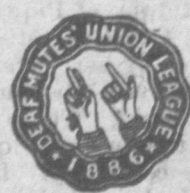
#### COMMITTEE:

ALFRED W. SHAW, Chairman  
CHARLES JELNICK CHARLES DIRKES  
LOUIS PUGLIESE GEORGE C. BREDE  
EDWARD BRADLEY JOHN GARLAND

HOW TO REACH TEMPLE—From Newark and New York take Hudson & Manhattan Tube to Summit Ave. Station, Jersey City, then walk five blocks from 8th Avenue to Bergen Avenue. From Hoboken take Jackson Trolley Car with sign in front reading "Greenville," or "Stevens Avenue." Get off at the Temple. Cars pass the door.

## Thanksgiving Party

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE



### Deaf-Mutes' Union League

AT THEIR ROOMS

143 WEST 125TH STREET

—ON—

Wednesday Evening,  
November 23, 1921  
At 8 o'clock.

ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS

### Investment Bonds

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DENOMINATIONS OF  
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Something New and Amusing.

### Indoor Field Athletics and Games

under the auspices of

#### WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY

FOR THE BUILDING FUND

IN THE GUILD ROOM OF  
ST. ANN'S CHURCH  
511 West 148th Street  
NEW YORK CITY

(Postponed till January, 1922)

Entries open to the Girls only.

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS

### Hallowe'en Party and Games

under the auspices of the

#### BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES

At St. Mark's Chapel  
280 Adelphi Street

Saturday Evening, Oct. 29th,

AT 8 O'CLOCK

TICKETS, - - - 30 CENTS

(Including Refreshments)

MRS. HARRY LEIBSON, Chairman.

Committee:

# FAIR

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

## Woman's Parish Aid Society

### ST. ANN'S CHURCH FOR DEAF-MUTES

511 West 148th Street

November 17, 18 and 19, 1921

MRS. CHAS. A. BOTHNER, Committee of the Fair.

### ANNUAL

## Prize Masquerade Ball

GIVEN BY

DETROIT DIVISION, No 2  
N. F. S. D.

Saturday, November 19, 1921

CONCORDIA HALL, 8th Floor, Temple Building  
21 MONROE AVENUE  
Detroit, Mich.

ADMISSION, - - - 50 CENTS

#### COMMITTEE

IVAN HRYMANSON, Chairman

C. BARNETT T. R. LEACH WM. RHEINER  
CAMIE SADOWSKY S. A. GOCH J. D. ULRICH  
A. MECK R. STARK J. E. CROUGH

\$100—IN CASH PRIZES—\$100

NOTE—The amount of \$100 reserved for prizes will be divided for costumes judged to be the most Original, Handsome, or Comic.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL

### MASK and CIVIC BALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Greater New York Division, No. 23

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

### THE LYCEUM

86th St. and Th'rd Ave., New York City

Saturday Evening, February 4th, 1922

MUSIC BY SWEYD

ADMISSION, (including wardrobe tax) \$1.00

#### COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

A. Hitchcock, Chairman B. Friedwald  
H. J. Powell J. H. Manning  
Vice-Chairman J. J. Rudolph  
H. P. Kane Henry Hecht  
W. L. Bowers William Davis  
Alex. L. Pach F. Roka  
E. M. Berg Sol. Baiteusheim  
Henry Pfingler Edward Baum

\$50 IN CASH PRIZES \$50

NOTE—The amount of \$50 reserved for Prizes will be divided for costumes judged to be the most Unique, Original, Handsome and Comic.

### FANCY DRESS BALL

GIVEN BY THE

### Clark Deaf-Mutes' A. A.

### FLORAL GARDEN

North East Corner Broadway and 146th St.  
NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, January 14th, 1922

EXCELLENT MUSIC

ADMISSION, - - - 75 CENTS

#### COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

B. Friedwald, Chairman

Fred Haberstroh Phillip Hoenig  
Ludwig Fischer Joseph Worzel  
James H. Manning Irving Blumenthal  
John P. Haft Joseph Zeiss  
Peter Kempf Edward Baum

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Eastern Special Agent  
200 West 111th St., New York

Greater New York Branch  
OF THE  
National Association of  
the Deaf.

Organized to co-operate with the National Association in the furtherance of its stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.50. Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Marcus L. Kenner, President, 40 West 115 Street; John H. Kent, Secretary, 511 West 148th Street; Samuel Frankenheim, Treasurer, 18 West 107th Street.

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You Should Be a Frat

Greater New York Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets at Micrometer Hall, 379 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officer: Dennis H. Hinely, Secretary, 1590 Avenue A, New York City, or Alex. L. Pach, Grand Vice-President 4th District, 111 Broadway, New York. The S. A. C. meets on third Wednesday of each month, at 255 1/2 11th Street near Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

### Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Initiation fee, \$1.50. Annual dues, \$1.00. Meetings are held on the third Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Anthony Capelle, President; Jack Seltzer, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

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